MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
PSR 2 of 6
MILLIGAN
ROBERTSON
RAMOS
TOXIN
THE NEW AVENGERS TIE-IN
SON OF CARNAGE!
Crain
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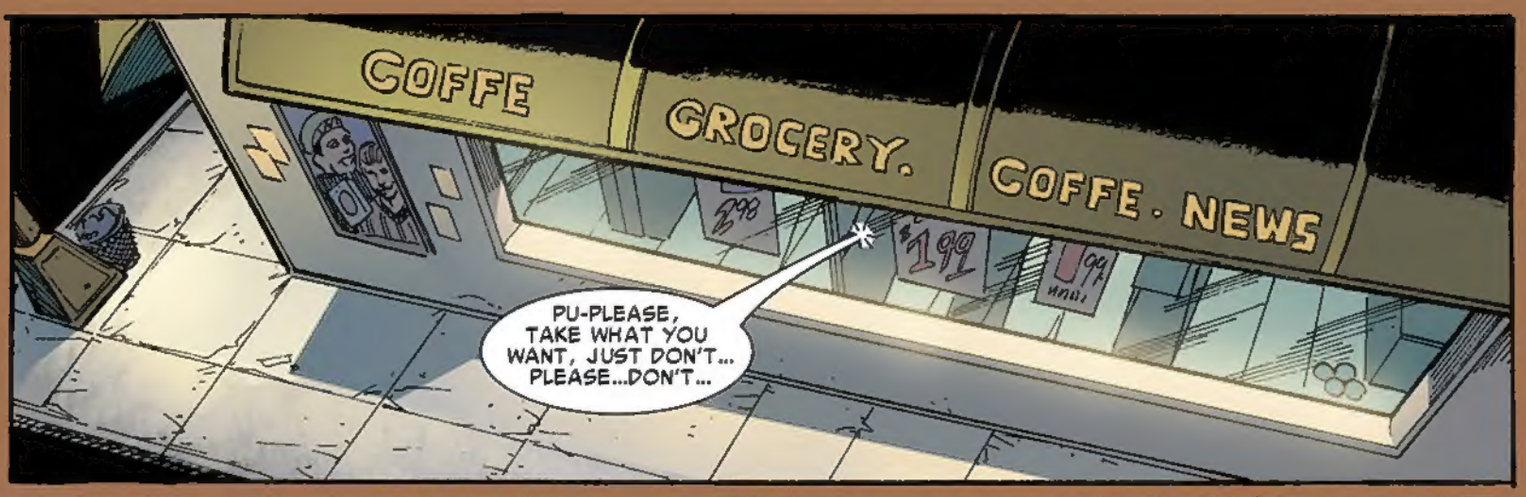
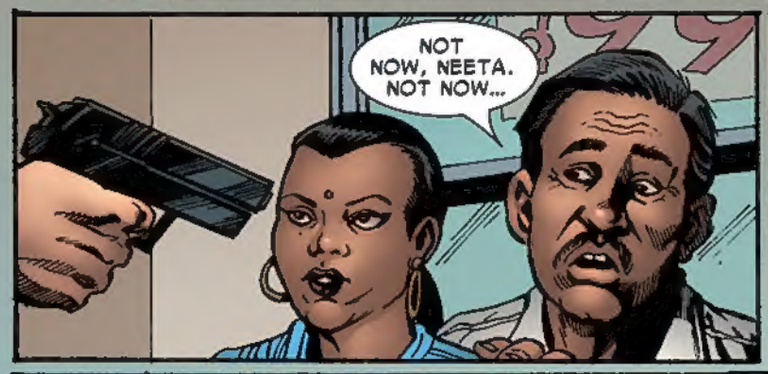
FROM PAT MULLIGAN.
TO TOXIN.
TOXIN:
the DEVIL you KNOW
PART TWO:
CUT TO THE CHASE

THE BANDAGE THAT SPIDER-MAN GAVE ME IS CAKED WITH OLD BLOOD.
THE BLOOD IS DEGRADED BUT WILL HAVE TO DO.
I'LL USE IT TO TRACK DOWN A SUPER-VILLAIN WHO ESCAPED IN THE RAFT BREAKOUT AT RYKER'S ISLAND.
WAIT.
THE NOISE IS SOFT. THE DISTURBANCE ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE.
BUT IT HAS THE UNMISTAKABLE AURA OF TROUBLE.
IT'S NOT WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO BE TRACKING. AND I'M NOT A COP ANYMORE.
IN FACT, IT'S REALLY NONE OF MY BUSINESS.


COFFE
GROCERY.
COFFE. NEWS
PU-PLEASE, TAKE WHAT YOU WANT, JUST DON'T... PLEASE...DON'T...

YOU GOT MORE THAN THAT. CHEATIN' MUSLIMS.
ACTUALLY, SIR, WE ARE *HINDUS*. A TOTALLY DIFFERENT THING ALTOGETHER. ISLAM IS MONOTHEIST. WHILE *OUR* RELIGION...


NOT NOW, NEETA. NOT NOW...

LET HER TALK. WE'LL DISCUSS COMPARATIVE RELIGION, *THEN* WE'LL BLOW YOUR--

KKRSSSHHHH

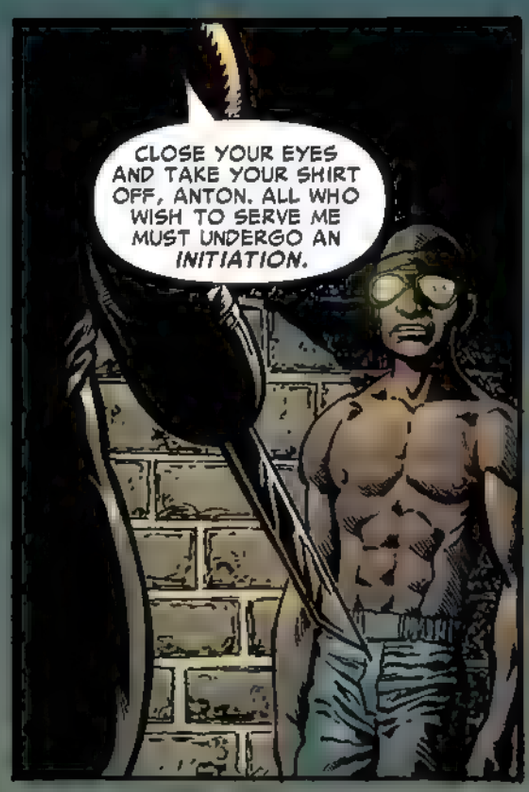
Half an hour later
IT ONLY TAKES A MINUTE OR TWO. THIS TRANSFORMATION FROM SYMBIOTE.
GROCERY.
COFFE. NEWS
TO SOMETHING LIKE HUMAN.
DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE SO SORE WITH ME.
WE WERE SUPPOSED TO *APPREHEND* THEM. I KEPT TRYING TO HOLD YOU BACK. BUT YOU WENT COMPLETELY...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
YOU DESTROYED THE STORE! YOU ALMOST TORE DOWN HALF THE BLOCK. ONE OF THOSE ROBBERS IS UNLIKELY TO LIVE.
THE *LUCKY* ONE WILL NEED EXTENSIVE PLASTIC SURGERY.
I COULD SENSE YOUR ANGER AT THEM. SO I HURT THEM. I WAS ONLY TRYING TO PLEASE YOU.

YOU'RE ANGRY AT ME.
YOU THINK?
BUT I ONLY DID TO THEM WHAT YOU'D LIKE TO DO TO IF YOU HAD THE GUTS.
THAT'S NOT TRUE!
BUT YOU DESPISE THEM?
YES!
HATE THEM AND THEIR KIND.
YES! BUT--
SO IT'S GOOD TO HURT THEM.
IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE.
WHY NOT?
BECAUSE I SAID SO!
TOXIN, GET BACK IN HERE.
I'M YOUR HOST BODY. YOU MIGHT NOT LIKE IT, BUT I RUN THIS SHOW.
SHOULDN'T... HAVE GOTTEN SIDETRACKED LIKE THIS...
MEANT TO BE HUNTING SOMEONE MORE DANGEROUS...MORE EVIL...THAN A COUPLA DEAD-BEAT KIDS...

Downtown
IT SURE SMELLS DOWN HERE, LULU.
THIS IS HOW THE MASTER LIKES IT.
WH-WHAT WILL I BE EXPECTED TO DO?
HE'LL GO THROUGH YOUR DUTIES LATER. DON'T WORRY, WE'RE ALL NERVOUS AT FIRST. ANNIE HAD A FULL-BLOWN ANXIETY ATTACK.
I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING.
SEE HOW THEY'RE FADING? I USED TO CUT MYSELF ONCE A WEEK, BUT SINCE SERVING THE MASTER I'VE STOPPED. MAYBE I STARTED TO VALUE MYSELF...
MASTER, THIS IS ANTON. HE'S SIXTEEN YEARS OLD AND AN ACADEMIC HIGH-FLYER. BOTH HIS PARENTS ARE LAWYERS. HE BEGAN SELF-HARMING FOURTEEN MONTHS AGO WHEN HIS GRADES STARTED SLIPPING.

HELLO, ANTON. YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO KNOW WE'RE AN *EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES* EMPLOYER.
I TAKE IT YOU'RE NOT SQUEAMISH.
BIG APE

COME ON, JIM. I'M LATE FOR WORK.
TELL ME WHERE MY SON IS AND I'LL LET YOU GO.
I PROMISED GINA I'D TRACK HIM DOWN. THAT POOR GIRL, BRINGING UP A LITTLE BABY WITHOUT HIS DADDY...
I'M SORRY. BUT I PROMISED PAT...
SO YOU DO KNOW.
WHAT THE--
TELL ME, MEADOWS, OR SO HELP ME GOD--
OKAY, PAT IS IN TROUBLE, BUT NOT THE WAY YOU THINK. ONLY HE CAN WORK THIS OUT. TELL GINA HE STILL LOVES HER. HE MISSES HER AND THE KID LIKE CRAZY. HE DIDN'T CHOOSE THIS.
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WON'T SHOOT YOU?
YOU WERE THIRTY YEARS ON THE FORCE AND NEVER SHOT NO ONE. YOU AIN'T GONNA START NOW...
...ARE YOU?


CLOSE YOUR EYES AND TAKE YOUR SHIRT OFF, ANTON. ALL WHO WISH TO SERVE ME MUST UNDERGO AN INITIATION.

WHY ARE YOU HERE?
I-I MET THAT GIRL. LULU. SHE SAID YOU U-UNDERSTOOD... PEOPLE LIKE US.

WHO ARE PEOPLE LIKE US?
SSHHHHT

UNGGNNN.
P-PEOPLE WHO...SELF-HARM... WHO CUT AND BURN AND BITE...

AND EVERY CUT, EVERY DROP OF BLOOD...IS A LANGUAGE... A MEANS OF SAYING WHAT YOU CANNOT OTHERWISE SAY?
SSHHHHT

OWWW!
Y-YES... THAT'S IT... THAT'S IT...

FOR A BRIEF MOMENT YOU FEEL ALIVE.
IN CONTROL.
SSHHHHT

AAGHHH!
YES! YES!

THAT WILL BE ALL. FOR NOW.
IN EXCHANGE FOR THE TRUTH...I EXPECT UNFLINCHING LOYALTY, ANTON.
NOW OPEN YOUR EYES AND PUT YOUR SHIRT ON.

H-HOW? I FELT...I FELT...
YOU FELT YOUR BODY BEING SHREDDED. YOU FELT THE BLADES SLICING INTO YOUR *FLESH*.
BUT THE SHARPNESS OF MY BLADES, THE SURENESS OF MY TOUCH, MEANS THERE'S NO *BLOOD*.
THERE ARE NO *WOUNDS*.
UNFORTUNATELY, I'M NOT ALWAYS AS CAREFUL WITH *MYSELF*.
YOU WILL NEED TO *WORK* TO BE COUNTED AS ONE OF MY CHILDREN.
WASH AND DRY THESE BANDAGES. BY TUESDAY.
NICE *BOD*, BY THE WAY.

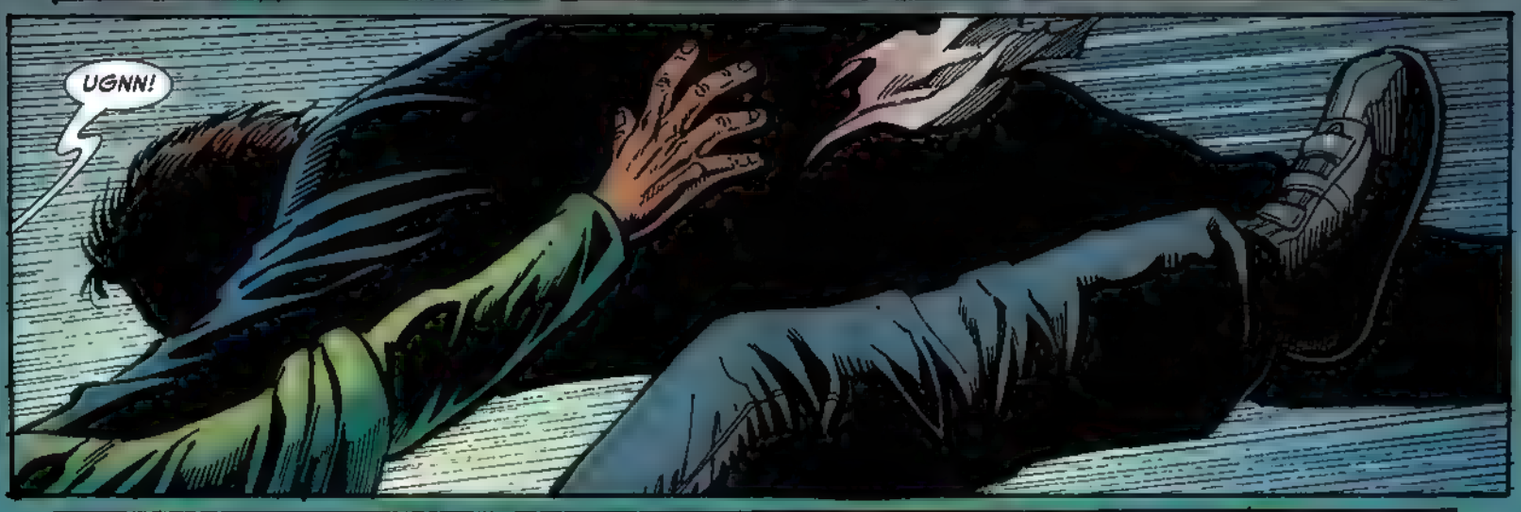
I HAVE TO GET ABOVE THE CAR FUMES AND HUMAN CONFUSION.
GET A CLEAR LINE ONTO MY QUARRY.
COME ON. LET ME OUT. I CAN HELP YOU. I CAN HELP US.
NO WAY. AFTER YOUR LAST PERFORMANCE YOU'RE GROUNDED.
UNTIL...?
UNTIL I NEED YOU!
WHY DON'T WE FORGET THIS? WHAT DID THAT RAZOR-FIST GUY EVER DO TO US?
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--
THAT'S RIGHT, I DON'T. SO TELL ME.
SHUT UP! I'M CONCENTRATING. I THINK...
I THINK I CAN FEEL RAZOR-FIST. SENSE HIM.
WHAT YOU DOIN' ON OUR FIRE ESCAPE?
A GOOD QUESTION, MA'AM, AND I KNOW THIS MUST LOOK SUSPICIOUS BUT...BUT I'M UP HERE FOR A VERY IMPORTANT REASON...ONE THAT I'D HAPPILY EXPLAIN TO YOU IN DETAIL IF I HAD A LITTLE MORE TIME...
GEORGE! WE GOTTA ANOTHER WEIRDO OUT HERE!

IT'S LIKE I WAKE UP AND FIND MYSELF ABOUT TO--
BUT THIS TIME. THIS TIME--IT'S A *FOREIGN LANGUAGE*...
ONE I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND ANYMORE.
AWFULLY QUIET IN THERE, ANTON. I TAKE IT YOU'RE STUDYING?
YES, MOM. STUDYING HARD.
YOU KNOW WE'RE ALL EXPECTING GREAT THINGS FROM YOU, SWEETHEART. DON'T DISAPPOINT US, OKAY?
'COURSE, COURSE NOT, MOM. NO INTENTION.
BUT TONIGHT I WON'T BE STUDYING.
TONIGHT I HAVE MORE *IMPORTANT* WORK.
LATER, IF I PROVE MYSELF LOYAL AND WORTHY...
...I WILL BE PROMOTED TO SHARPENING *BLADES*.
MATH WORLD

SNOOPING AROUND LIKE THIS MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER ABOUT YOURSELF?
YES. NOW SHUT UP.

Knob

THE SCENT IS FAINTER. MUCH FAINTER. BUT HE'S CLOSE...


UGNN!

RAZOR-FIST?
...?

THE BLOOD ON THOSE RAGS LED ME TO YOU. I GOT ON A *FALSE TRACK.*
JUST ABOUT THE *UNLIKELIEST* STORY I'VE EVER HEARD. MUCH MORE LIKELY THAT YOU'RE A BURGLAR, OR SOME PERVERT WITH A PENCHANT FOR YOUNG BLACK MALES.
GOODNIGHT, MR. MULLIGAN.

RAZOR-FIST DOESN'T REALLY CARE ABOUT YOU, ANTON. HELP ME, THEN GET ON WITH YOUR LIFE.
MY LIFE? LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY *LIFE...*

I'VE GOT PARENTS WHO DON'T KNOW I *EXIST* EXCEPT FOR A SERIES OF SCHOOL GRADES AND SOMETHING TO SHOW OFF TO THEIR RICH, WHITE FRIENDS. AT SCHOOL THEY THINK I'M WEIRD BECAUSE I LOATHE SPORTS AND LIKE *STUDYING.*
BUT *RAZOR-FIST*...OKAY, HE'S A LITTLE *INTENSE*... BUT AT LEAST HE ACCEPTS ME FOR WHAT I AM.

I WANTED TO *PERSUADE* YOU, ANTON. BUT IF NEED BE I'LL USE *OTHER* TACTICS...
AW! WHAT *IS* THAT?!

I'VE GOT A MONSTER INSIDE ME. BECAUSE OF THIS MONSTER I HAD TO WALK OUT ON MY WIFE AND BABY. SO YOU SEE, YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH SEEMINGLY INTRACTABLE PROBLEMS.
NOW TAKE ME TO RAZOR-FIST OR I'LL SET MY MONSTER ONTO YOU, AND I WON'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HE DOES. BECAUSE, SEE, HE'S A *MONSTER.*

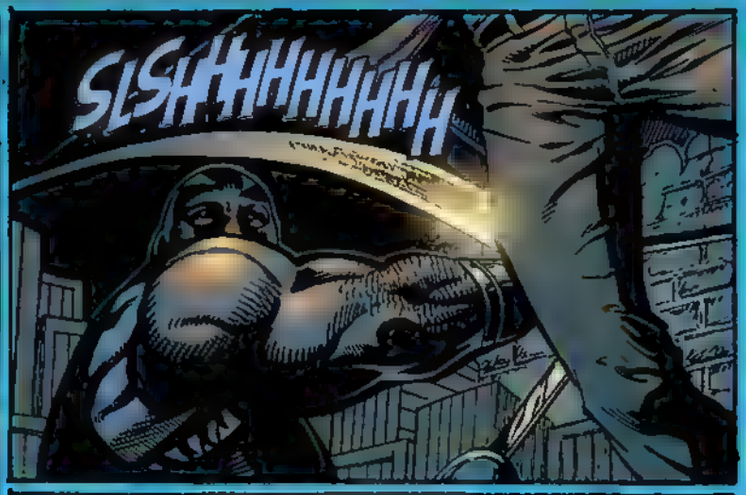
IT SMELLS DOWN HERE.
THAT'S HOW THE MASTER LIKES IT.
DO YOU, AH, KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, MR. MULLIGAN? RAZOR-FIST...HE HAS THESE GREAT BIG RAZORS INSTEAD OF FISTS AND HE...HE--
JUST KNOCK ON THE DOOR AND STEP ASIDE, ANTON. DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.
ANTON?
OPEN UP, LULU. I WANT TO SEE THE MASTER.
WHO'S THIS? YOU KNOW THE RULES.
THAT DOESN'T MATTER. WHERE'S--
KEERCHUNKKKK
--AIEEEE!
GNNN!

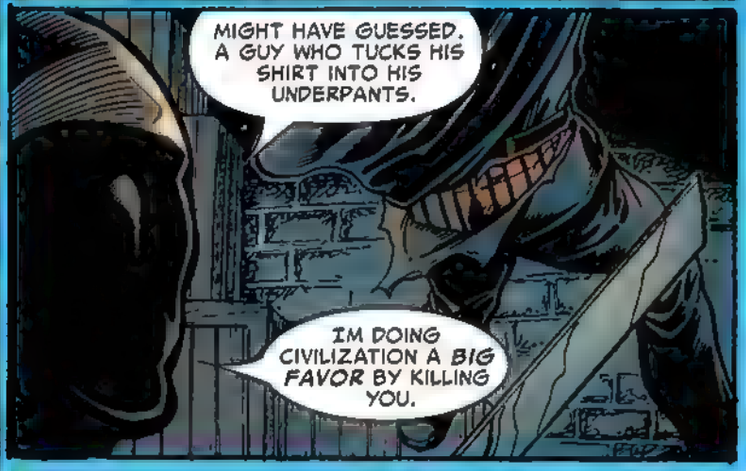
OW, JEEZ...THAT SMELL.
A LITTLE STRONG FOR YOU?
I FIND IT KEEPS ME ON MY METTLE.
AND AFTER RYKER'S ISLAND, THE STENCH OF DECOMPOSITION IS ACTUALLY PRETTY FRAGRANT.
WH-WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
I GOT A LITTLE SLOW IN RYKER'S. REFLEXES DULLED. SO NOW I KEEP THEM WELL-HONED.
CATS FOUND IN THE STREET. EVEN A FEW STREET-WALKERS. MOST OF THEM ENTER THE WAY YOU DID.
NONE GET OUT.
MEOOOOW
MEEEEEEEEEEEE
OH GOD...
LET ME GO OR...OR ELSE...

OR ELSE WHAT?
I'M TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS OF SOCIOPATHIC ROCK-HARD MUSCLE AND RAZOR. WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO?

ANTON! PLEASE!
GIVE ME A HAND HERE!
I--

NO, ANTON.


SLSHHHHHHHH


MIGHT HAVE GUESSED. A GUY WHO TUCKS HIS SHIRT INTO HIS UNDERPANTS.
IM DOING CIVILIZATION A BIG FAVOR BY KILLING YOU.

WHOAAAA!

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU, ANYWAY?
THE GUY WHO'S GONNA TAKE YOU BACK TO RYKER'S.

ACTUALLY, I THINK I'LL SLICE YOU LIKE A HAM.
C-COME ON, TOXIN, NOW! NOW! LET'S GO! I NEED YOU!

WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO? ARE YOU WEARING A WIRE?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS.
OWHKK!

THUDD!
WHKKKKKKK

WE CAN'T LET HIM DIE LIKE THIS. PAT'S A DECENT GUY.
HE FORCED YOU TO BE DISLOYAL TO THE MASTER. HOW DECENT IS THAT? FORGET HIM.
HE'S JUST AN *ADULT*.

I HAD NO IDEA IT WOULD BE LIKE THIS! THE MASTER, I MEAN...I DIDN'T KNOW...
OH, GET REAL, ANTON. HE CALLS HIMSELF *RAZOR-FIST*. WHAT DID YOU *THINK* HE DID?
CHARITABLE WORK FOR THE HOMELESS?
OUT OF MY WAY, LULU.

ANTON!

I'M WARNING YOU...ANY MOMENT NOW I'LL TURN INTO A SLAVERING MONSTER AND PUNCH YOUR LIGHTS OUT.

OF *COURSE* YOU WILL.
SSHHHHHHT

THWMPP

N-NO! I CAN'T LET YOU KILL HIM!
ANTON! DON'T BE A FOOL!
WHAT ABOUT LOYALTY, ANTON?
THE CUTS THAT DO NOT WOUND. I UNDERSTOOD YOU, DIDN'T I? BETTER THAN YOU UNDERSTOOD YOURSELF?
YES. I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE. DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN--
SUIT YOURSELF. I'LL GO RIGHT THROUGH YOU.
NO.
I WON'T ALLOW IT.
OKAY, TOXIN, LET'S GET TO IT! OR DO YOU WANT TO KILL US BOTH?
I'M ON IT, PAT! RELAX!
AGHH
YES, IT ONLY TAKES A MINUTE OR TWO.
THIS TRANSFORMATION FROM HUMAN--

TO--?
VERY FUNNY, TOXIN.
VERY FREAKIN' FUNNY.

The Hand